

# The Triumphant CHRISTIAN:

O R

## A Sight of Heaven in Dying.

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A

# P O E M.

On the much lamented DEATH

O F

## Mr. JOSEPH WEATHERILL,

Of the BOROUGH of Southwark;

Who Departed this LIFE

SEPTEMBER 28th, 1751,

In the 29th Year of his Age.

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*I know in whom I have believed. 2 Tim. i. 12.*

*Whose Faith follow, considering the End of his Conversation.*

*Heb. xiii. 7.*

*The Chamber where the good Man meets his Fate, is privileg'd beyond  
the common Walk of virtuous Life, quite in the Verge of Heaven!  
Night Thoughts.*

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L O N D O N :

Printed for J. BUCKLAND, at the *Buck* in *Pater-noster-Row*; Mr.  
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the *King's-Arms* in *Cornhill*; and Mr. WOODFALL at *Charing-*  
*Cross*. 1751. ( Price Four Pence. )

THE THEOPHILUS CHRISTIAN

OF THE

THEOPHILUS

THEOPHILUS

THEOPHILUS

THEOPHILUS

TO  
Mrs. WEATHERILL,

Mother of the Deceased ;

THIS  
P O E M

Is humbly INSCRIBED,

AS

A Token of Respect to Her,

AND

Gratitude to Him,

The Mournful SUBJECT of it,

By her most Obliged,

Humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.

TO  
Mrs. W. E. A. THE RIT.

Mrs. W. E. A. THE RIT.

F. O. E. M.

The Author.



## The Triumphant CHRISTIAN :

O R

## A Sight of Heaven in Dying.

A

## P O E M.

I.

**N**O fabled Theme, or pompous Earthly Things  
 Invite the Muse; of Death and Heaven she sings:  
 Round the wide Globe, would swiftly fly and tell,  
 The awful Period when young MYRON fell !

*Myron* to sacred Friendship true,

Ingénious, wise and brave ;

Who seem'd to take a perfect View,

Of all that Love, or Virtue knew,

Of all that Art, or Nature gave

T' enrich the manly Mind ;

Yet all, all, wanted Pow'r to save !

Stern Death his Soul dislodg'd, and all our

Hopes disjoin'd.

B

2. His

## 2.

His Soul was of a noble Frame,  
 Compos'd of heav'nly and immortal Things,  
 Celestial Hopes, and living Flame  
 Whence everlasting Pleasure springs.  
 We saw his opening Mind, like theirs above  
 Advance in Wisdom and increase in Love.

But hasty Fate, by far too soon,  
 Has set his Sun,  
 Before it reach'd its Noon  
 Or Morning Business done.

Oh ! cruel, unrelenting Death,  
 To wither all our Joys in his expiring Breath.

## 3.

Come to my Aid, ye kindred Minds,  
 That are of purer Flame,  
 Of brighter Genius, and of greater Name ;  
 'Tis You can aid what Love designs,  
 And form a mourning Song ;  
 To You the sweet Complaints belong :  
 Come let our Joys and Sorrows rise above  
 This Vale of Tears, and sing the Man we love.

The

The tuneful Songsters of the Grove  
 Blend their Complaints, and aid each other's Love;  
 The lonely Dove a Sympathy imparts,  
 Meets her 'Companions, and they mingle Hearts :  
 Much more should Minds of heav'nly make,  
 By Love made intimately one,  
 Of Joys and Sorrows mutually partake,  
 And spread them round th' Eternal Throne.

## 4.

Say, Virgin Souls, 'tis you can tell  
 How sharp your Griefs ! how vast they swell !  
 How great the Loss, you may sustain !  
 No Vulgar Loss when MYRON dy'd,  
 (To me none greater——my full Heart replied.)  
 MYRON's a Name, your tender Minds deplore,

A useful Name,

But oh ! 'tis useful here no more !  
 Heaven recalls her living Flame,  
 And we refund our valu'd Store ;  
 The Grave grows Rich, but we grow Poor  
 And Sorrow must complain.

Our noblest Hopes of him are vain ;



So early ripe — to us untimely lost,  
As Blessings are, of which we fondly boast.

## 5.

With *You* shall fruitful Mothers mourn,  
Their soft engaging Passions move ;  
Pour out their Sorrows round his Urn  
As Tributes of their Love.  
Oh, might our Melody, and Tears,  
Embalm his Name and Worth, to future Years.  
Your Infant Offspring was his Care,  
With You, in Nature's painful Hour ;  
His sympathetic Soul soon felt your Smart,  
Entwin'd their little Hands about his Heart,  
While Heaven smil'd propitious there,  
The God of Goodness, and of Pow'r,  
Brought your Salvation near,  
Blest with desir'd Success his lively Faith and Pray'r.  
Did every grateful Tongue but speak his Praise,  
The rising World might know,  
How much they to his Wisdom owe,  
How pious was his Heart, how prudent were his Ways !



Muse, sing the Grief, the affecting Grief,  
 That fills his MYRAS' \* Soul;  
 Like surging Seas that all tempestuous roll,  
 Nor can she hope relief.  
 A hopeful Youth; her only Son!  
 He the dear Favourite of her Breast;  
 In whom her Fears, and Hopes, and Joys were one,  
 The Center where they rest,  
 This only Son to Death! distressing Sound!  
 It pierc'd her Heart, and made a lasting Wound.  
 With studious Care, and pious Skill  
 She form'd him for her Maker's Will;  
 For all that's worthy here to know,  
 Virtue on Earth, and Glory too!  
 With growing Joy she rear'd him up,  
 The Pleasure of her Soul, and Object of her Hope.  
 Tho' blest with ev'ry manly Grace,  
 And *Virtue* held him in her sweet Embrace:  
 Tho' *Piety* (with secret Charms,)  
 Set up her Throne within his tender Breast,

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\* His Mother. It must be a very afflicting Providence to her,  
 when we consider that he was her only Son, and she is a Widow.  
 Brought

Brought his dear Saviour to his Arms  
 And led his Soul to Rest;  
 Yet *He's* imprison'd in the Grasp of Death,  
 Breathes his last useful and important Breath!  
 Thus short-ly'd are our Joys,  
 Our brightest Prospects vain;  
 Our glittering Hope our Peace destroys  
 And half our Pleasure's *Pain*.

## 7.

I mourn with You — the *Unknown Virtuous Fair*,  
 Whose Hopes were rais'd, tho' at a distant Bliss;  
 At Distance view'd, what you have wish'd to be  
 The happy Partner of his Joy and Care,  
 In a young Heav'n of Love and Piety;  
 Where all is lovely, like the blooming Pair

Amidst their earthly Paradise.

Could all the sweet Endearments of thy Life,  
 (Blended in Int'rest, unaffected Strife)

Have snatch'd him from the rav'nous Grave,

All had been little, if they all could save:

Could thy fond Wish recall him from the Skies,

You'd clasp him to your Heart with dear Surprise;

His

His welcome Form would your best Thoughts engage,  
And there you'd with each Moment were an Age.

But He's for ever fled,

The dearest Mortal's Sight :

Some fairer Angel in your Stead,

With gentler Hand his Soul has led,

To an unchanging World of everlasting Light !

8.

Had once the sacred Bands been ty'd,

And join'd the Bridegroom to the Bride,

The happy Union been begun,

Thy radiant smiling morning Sun,

A few successive Journeys run ;

And cruel Death had then disjoin'd,

The lovely and the manly Mind,

A thousand Sorrows would have pierc'd thy Heart,

Now happily unknown ;

Nay worse than Death, just to have met and part,

A Thousand Deaths in One !

9.

Be calm thy Soul, attend and learn

Thy truest, infinite Concern,

Silence



Silence becomes our Sorrows best,  
 And Pray'r has Pow'r to charm our Grievs to Rest.  
 Muse, paint the Scenes of Terror and Delight,  
     The languid Pulse, th' expiring Breath,  
 The Saint triumphant in the Arms of Death,  
 The bright celestial Dawn, amidst the darkest Night!  
 Bring in, Description, the dear Man to view,  
 For our Instruction, and Example too;  
 To animate our Hopes, to comfort You.  
 See him by Faith reclin'd on Jesus Breast,  
 The solid Basis where his Soul can rest:  
 See Heaven open round the gloomy Bed;  
 While Angel Arms support his fainting Head;  
 Delightful Scenes! none more August can draw,  
 Nor yet more solemn Angels ever saw!

10,

If Friendship's sacred Law, would not refuse  
 I would describe our latest Interviews, \*

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\* Not long before he died, " come (said he) let us talk of Je-  
 " sus Christ. Read, or repeat to me, some of the precious Pro-  
 " mises of the Gospel, the Matter of which are the Foundation  
 " of my Hope of Acceptance with a righteous and holy God.  
 " What are the Christian's Evidences for Heaven? And do you  
 " think that I have any of them ?"



Of Piety and heav'nly Love :

Such Converse Angels have above.

Such Interviews the greatest Gain impart,

And Death is a Detector of the Heart.

The Gloom of Night had awful Silence spread,

And still more awful made a dying Bed !

Around him tender kindred Minds,

Stood weeping, as Affection binds ;

Sharp as a Spear, their Grievs are felt,

And ev'ry Heart begins to melt :

But quite serene the Saint appears,

'Midst Sympathies, and Pray'rs and Tears.

This Tongue of mine wants Language now to tell

The Smart, the Anguish, and the Joy I feel.

II.

Cruel Disease \* had rent the poor Machine,

Spoil'd its fine Movements, and defac'd the Scene ;

The Fever burnt his Spirits up :

Yet not a Murmur from his Tongue,

---

\* A Fever which occasioned an Abscess in his Back, that soon mortified and killed him.

Tho' there the dying Accents hung;

And blasted all our Hope.

Thus spake the Saint,

Quite free from Terror or Complaint ;

Nor fear'd Death's dreadful Path, as yet untrod,

His Mind unshaken, as his Trust in God.

In Words like these his Hopes of Heaven were known,

His Joy in Christ,—of Triumphs round the Throne.

12.

“ Oft' I have wish'd my Soul had Wings, \*

“ To fly from all Terrestrial Things,

“ Up to the peaceful Realms above,

“ Of perfect Holiness, and perfect Love.

“ Earth, with its Cares, and Joys, adieu!

“ I've done with them, 'tis Heaven I view!

“ The whole Creation I'd resign,

“ To see my God, and know him mine.

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\* Pf. lv. 6. I would here acquaint the pious Reader, that the Scriptures, which are referred here, with many more, were often upon his Mind; and he repeated them with peculiar Emphasis and holy Pleasure, as experiencing great Satisfaction and Comfort from them, as the divine Spirit applied them to his Mind, in the near Views of Eternity.

“ All my immortal Hopes are laid  
 “ In the vast Merit of a Saviour’s Blood ;  
 “ He is the Rock that is my Shade, \*  
 “ To screen me from the Wrath of God.  
 “ He is the MAN, my hiding Place,  
 “ Where humble Sinners freely come ;  
 “ A Refuge from the stormy Blast,  
 “ ’Till they shall reach their heav’nly Home.  
 “ My noblest Works, I now disclaim, †  
 “ Tho’ Pride may rise and swell ;  
 “ I’m but an Heir of Sin and Shame  
 “ And my Desert is Hell. §  
 “ Laden with Guilt, o’erwhelm’d in Fears,  
 “ On Wings of Faith to Christ I fly ;  
 “ He hears my Groans, he sees my Tears ;  
 “ A Beam of heav’nly Love appears,  
 “ And brings Salvation nigh.  
 “ I hear a Voice of matchless Grace,  
 “ Sound from the Sacred Word ;

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\* Is. xxxii. 2.

† Phil. iii. 9.

§ Ps. li. 5, Eph. ii. 3.



“ My Soul does that Relief embrace,  
“ And rests upon the Lord.  
“ *Come heavy laden Soul to me, \**  
“ *Come taste my Love divinely free,*  
“ *I bled, I groan'd, I dy'd for Thee.*  
“ I come, my gracious God, I come.  
“ And prostrate at thy Throne ;  
“ Let Mercy from a pardoning God,  
“ Plead the rich Merit of that Blood  
“ That does for Sins atone.  
“ My Crimson Crimes ! that Crimson Flood  
“ Can wash their Guilt, dispel my Fear ;  
“ *That* is sufficient and alone,  
“ And *Faith* beholds Salvation there. †  
“ *Faith* bears my fainting Spirits up ;  
“ My Soul can trust a Saviour's Name ;  
“ His *Righteousness* now cheers my Hope,  
“ And is my joyful Theme.

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\* Matt. xi. 28, † “ When I am on the other side Death,  
“ (said he) I will throw myself at the Throne of God, and cry  
“ out, guilty, guilty ! looking for his Mercy unto Eternal Life,  
“ thro' the infinite Merits of the Blood of Christ.



“ His sacred Image on my Heart,  
“ Is a blest Earnest of thy Love ;  
“ The Seal thy Spirit did impart,  
“ To ev’ry happy Saint above. \*  
“ When thro’ the gloomy Vale I pass,  
“ I hope to triumph in thy Grace ;  
“ Thy Rod and Staff be then my Aid,  
“ And guide me thro’ the dreadful Shade.” †

14.

When on the Margin of the Grave,  
His Soul in ready Posture stood,  
(Conscious that Grace could nobly save,  
And God would make his Promise good,)  
Just as the Springs of Life were broke  
His Faith and Hope, this ardent Language spoke.  
“ Thrice happy Day ! transporting Time !  
“ The brightest Hour, that e’er was mine !

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\* “ His Blood takes away the Guilt of Sin, and cleanseth from  
“ the Pollution of it too. And, oh ! my heavenly Father, thou  
“ knowest I have desired Holiness as much as Happiness ; take  
“ from me, or deny me, all that this World calls good or great ;  
“ but deny me not the richer Blessing of thine holy Spirit, to  
“ make me holy, as thou art Holy. † Ps. xxiii. 4.

- “ Sin shall no more defile my Heart,  
 “ Nor cause my Saviour to depart.  
 “ Beyond Thee, not a Wish I form,  
 “ Thy Love exalts a worthless Worm ;  
 “ My Soul, that Spark of heav’nly Flame,  
 “ Returns to Thee, from whence it came.  
 “ I’m all Desire ——— what shall I see ?  
 “ Jesus, the Man, that bled for me !  
 “ Oh blissful Sight ! my opening Eyes  
 “ Fix on the View with sweet Surprise.  
 “ Oft’ thro’ the Mediums of his Grace,  
 “ Distant I saw his lovely Face ;  
 “ Thro’ the bright Shine, the Pleasure roll’d,  
 “ ’Till Faith grew weak and Fancy bold.  
 “ But soon with open Face I view,  
 “ My Saviour God, as Angels do :  
 “ The heav’nly Vision never dies,  
 “ Nor Shade becloud immortal Eyes. \*

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\* I humbly apprehend I have given the precise meaning and relation of the several Sentences, and sacred Texts, which were the Matter of our Conversation about two Days before he died. Much more might be added, but I must break off, lest the Pages should increase beyond my Intention.

" Ló ! the Eternal Thrones appear,  
 " And Jéfus reigns in Glory there ;  
 " My longing Spirit waits to rife  
 " To aid his Triumphs round the Skies."  
 Thus fpake the dying Saint, and urg'd his Flight,  
     To the fair Coafts of heav'nly Light ;  
     To his bright Paradife above  
 Where Streams of endless Life flow forth in endless Love.

## 15.

With upward Aim my Soul would rife,  
 Vifit the Regions of the Skies  
     Where lovely MYRON'S gone ;  
 Short was the Road, and fwift his Flight,  
 The Path was streak'd with heav'nly Light,  
     His ftarry Pinions on.  
*Raphael* had notic'd his Afcent,  
     Amidft the fhining Throngs ;  
 And round the happy World there went,  
     The Triumphs of their Songs.  
 Thrice welcome here the Seraphs cry,  
 And ftrait their golden Harps they ply ,



As Souls enraptur'd now they join,  
In Work and Homage all Divine.

They sing his sacred Honours now,  
With him ascended from the Church below ;  
His pious Converse, and divine Employs,  
The Pleasure of his Life — the Triumph of his Joys.  
They join the noble Work above,  
Now made eternal, as their Love !

## 16.

Sweet Soul, we shout thee welcome there,  
And aid thy Triumphs from afar :  
Our fond Desires would rise and see,  
Our heav'nly Mansion near to Thee.

When Life's great Work is done below,  
And we are then unbodi'd too,  
Perhaps you'll hail us on the Road :  
Celestial Guards will aid the Way  
Open the Portal of Eternal Day,  
To our Divine Abode.



There, lately on a golden Car,  
 Is risen a distinguish'd Mind,  
 In which true Greatness and true Goodness join'd,  
 And spread his Glories far.  
 DODDRIDGE, that great illustrious Name!  
 That's known on high,  
 Thro' all the Orders of the Sky,  
 Enroll'd in Annals of immortal Fame.  
 Ennobled by himself, by Earth and Heaven approv'd,  
 His Worth distinguish'd, and by both lov'd.  
 Long had his Mansion stood prepar'd  
 Amidst celestial Trophies rear'd,  
 To new-come Saints, of charming Name, \*  
 Of equal Zeal and equal Flame,  
 Of Actions glorious, and their Ends the same,  
 I hear no more his sacred Tongue  
 In moving Accents draw our Souls along;  
 No more we sit with pleasing Smile  
 To hear a Saviour's Love display'd;

---

\* Dr. Watts, Mr. Wilson, &c.

The flowing Good we drank awhile,  
 But now the joyous Stream is stay'd :  
 " I see his Face no more " ! He's fled ;  
 Jesus has call'd him to the Skies ;  
 With trembling Joy, our Souls are led,  
 To sing his Honours as they rise.

18.

Muse, now descend ;  
 The last Solemnity attend :  
 Visit the Chambers of the Tomb,  
     Where awful Silence reigns,  
 See MYRON lies ; his youthful Bloom  
 Is wither'd, — as my Song complains :  
 A few revolving Suns his Dust must sleep,  
 And round it Virgin Mourners frequent Vigils keep.  
 Here shall the tuneful Minstrels rove,  
 And sooth their Griefs with Melody and Love.  
 His dear Remains, the faithful Tomb  
 Shall keep till that bless'd Morning's come,  
 When lo ! a mighty Trump, whose dreadful roar,  
 Will then presage that " Time shall be no more ",

Takes

Takes all the Glare of Time and Sense away,  
 And is a Prelude to Eternal Day :  
 When our Redeemer's Glory fills the Skies,  
 And ev'ry Saint shall in his Image rise ;  
     Then his great Mind of noble Form,  
     A splendid Body shall adorn ;  
     And like some radiant Seraph stand,  
     A favourite Saint at God's right Hand.

## Epiphonema.

19.

Since Creatures are precarious, dying Things,  
     Made up of Vanity and Dust ;  
 My GOD, the Shadow of thy Wings  
     Whence all my Hope and Comfort Springs.  
 Shall be my Covert, and thine Arm my Trust.

20.

Since we can die but once,  
 Once pass the gloomy Vale to Bliss ;  
 When thou my Period shall pronounce,  
 Oh, may my End be like to his !

With



With equal Calm resign my languid Breath ;

Looking to Jesus, shoot the Gulph of Death.

Then some bright Convoy from on high,

With Wings extended to the upper Sky,

By Thee commission'd, aid my Flight,

To reach the Realms of pure Delight ;

That self-same Heaven, where MYRON's lately gone,

There shall our Love and Joy be more than ever one !

F I N I S.

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